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British Benefactors.



SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

It has been well said that no occupation can be offered to the mind of man so congenial, so interesting, or affording such real and unmixed gratification, as systematic and well-directed benevolence. In this happy country, eleemosynary institutions are one of its most fertile sources of human good, as they are one of the best uses of the bounties of Providence. The number of our charitable institutions may be estimated by the fact of their descriptive details occupying twenty-six large folio volumes in the Reports of the Commissioners appointed by Parliament to investigate the Charities of England and Wales; and except through their means, the actual extent of the majority of these splendid benefactions would have remained unknown to the present generation. Thus, whilst the

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warrior often gaining renown by the slaughter of his fellow men, or the statesman by ambition, have been immortalized by biographers, in how many instances has the philanthropist, benevolently seeking to alleviate the miseries of mankind, been overlooked, or scarcely remembered, by the immediate object of his bounty.

In the Reports already referred to, appear the names of many excellent persons, who entirely devoted their lives and fortunes to benevolent purposes, and yet have been but slightly mentioned by biographers, or on other accounts than for their munificence. Of some of the most remarkable of these Benefactors — these “honourables of the land” — we propose to give brief biographical outlines, occasionally, in future Num-

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bers of the *Mirror*;* to be illustrated with portraits from accredited sources. As the earliest, and, in many respects, the most celebrated, exemplar, we shall commence this National Series with

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

This munificent merchant, of whom so many adventures have been told, was born about the year 1360. He was the son of Sir William Whittington, Knt., a merchant of London, of whom we only know that he is called the father of our benefactor in the charter of Whittington College, and that he was said to be a native of Shropshire. Sir Richard Whittington was brought up to the trade of a mercer, and being endowed with much intelligence, he raised himself in the world by successful speculations, and acquired a considerable fortune, of which he made a most honourable use. "To have a true idea," says Entick, "of this gentleman's wealth, and the little regard he paid to money, which, to those that adore it, is the root of all evil, we must recite the entertainment he gave King Henry V. and his Queen, at Guildhall, after the conquest of France. On which occasion, Sir Richard, having caused a fire to be made of wood mixed with cinnamon and other spices and aromatics, tore and burnt in that fire the King's bond of 10,000 marks, due to the Company of Mercers; another of 1,500 marks, due to the Chamber of London; another of 2,000 marks, due to the Grocers; another of 3,000 marks, due to several other Companies; and divers others, in all to the amount of 60,000*l.* sterling, borrowed by the King to pay his army in France; and then told his Majesty, that he had taken in and discharged all those debts, and made his Majesty a present of the whole." For these and other eminent services, the King conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Whittington did not, however, confine his good deeds to gaining the favour of the Court; for, with pious generosity, he rebuilt his parish church of St. Michael's Vintry, and, amongst other acts of munificence, built a splendid library for Christchurch, in Newgate-street, and gave four-fifths of the books to fill it, at a cost of 400*l.*, a large sum in those times. Honoured and beloved by his fellow-citizens, he was called three times to the civic chair, in 1397, 1406, and 1419, after having been Sheriff, and he acquitted himself with as much zeal as prudence in the discharge of these important functions.

The well-known story of Whittington having made his fortune by the sale of his favourite cat, however fabulous it may be, is not without its parallel in history; for, it is recorded of Alphonso, a Portuguese, that, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, ac-

companied by a cat, he was presented by the King with his weight in gold, for the cat's services in killing mice, and for an ointment to kill flies; which he improved within five years to 6,000*l.* in the country, and returning to Portugal after fifteen years' traffic, became the third man in the kingdom.* A modern writer has endeavoured to reconcile the tradition by observing, that Sir Richard had sent out a ship named the *Cat*, which, returning prosperously, gave rise to the story. Whittington died about the year 1425, and was buried in the church of St. Michael, under a handsome monument; but his remains were twice disturbed from their resting place, once by the avarice of the clergyman of the parish, who thought to find great riches buried with him, and again, in the reign of Mary, in order to restore the leaden covering of which the priest had despoiled him: and here he remained until the Great Fire of London again violated his resting place.

By his Will, dated 5th of September, 1421, Whittington gave his house in the street now called College Hill, and all his other estates in London, to his executors, in trust to convert the house into a college for a Master, four Fellows, Masters of Arts, Clerks, &c.; and an alms-house, or hospital, for thirteen poor men. The college was suppressed by statute of Edward VI. The management of the alms-house is in the Mercers' Company; but, on account of the Lord Mayor being the Visiter appointed by the founder, the Commissioners of Charities were not allowed to ascertain the amount of the present revenue, which is said to be very considerable. In lieu of this foundation, the Company have erected a handsome collegiate building on the Highgate Road. It has a central chapel of the pointed style of architecture, the gable of which is surmounted by a lofty pinnacle. The two wings are embellished in corresponding style.

The remainder of his property, Whittington directed his executors to lay out in various acts of charity and public service; among which they, in 1442, built the first gaol of Newgate, "as an asylum for those unhappy persons who, on account of their offences, are compelled to be confined in prison, but who before used to be shut up in loathsome dungeons, and were turned out from thence at the expiration of their imprisonment, declaring open war against society. They contributed a great part of the expense of rebuilding Guildhall, and gave largely to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, thus commemorating his name by far nobler means than by improbable stories and romantic traditions."

The prefixed portrait is from a somewhat scarce print by R. Elstrack; in which Whittington appears in his mayoralty robes, with

* At the suggestion of an ingenious Correspondent.

* A Description of Guinea, 4to, 1665, p. 87.

the SS collar, and jewel. The cat is emblematic of his singular fortune; but, in the early impressions of the plate, a skull appears in place of the cat, a circumstance which has rendered the original print a rarity of great price among collectors. Around the portrait are the arms of Whittington; and beneath is the following quaint summary of his good deeds:—

"The true portraiture of RICHARD WHITTINGTON, thrise Lord Maior of London, a vertuous and godly man; full of good works, (and those famous,) he builded the gate of London, called Newgate, which before was a miserable dungeon. He builded Whittington Colledge, and made it an Almshouse for poore people. Also he builded a greate parte of ye hospitall of S. Bartholomewes, in Westsmithfield in London. He also builded the beautifull Library at ye Gray Friars in London, called Christes Hospitall. Also he builded the Guilde Hall Chappell, and increased a greate parte of the East ende of the saied halle, beside many other good works."

Of Guildhall Chapel we subjoin an engraving at page 216. It was a venerable structure adjoining Guildhall on the east side, and was pulled down in 1822, to make room for the new Law Courts. It was originally founded about 1299, and in the following century, a Chantry, with four chaplains, was established within it. Henry the VIth, in his eighth year, granted a license for rebuilding the Chapel, or College, as it was then styled; and in his twenty-seventh year, he empowered the Parish Clerks of London to have a Guild, dedicated to St. Nicholas, with two Chaplains in the said Chapel. Edward the VIth, after the Suppression, sold this Chapel, and its appurtenances within the City, to the Corporation, to be held in soccage of the manor of Greenwich. Among other eminent citizens, John de Welles, Mayor in 1431; Thomas Kneseworth, or Kneesworth, Mayor in 1505, and Sir John Langley, Mayor in 1576, were buried in this Chapel. In the west front was a large and handsome pointed-arched window; before which, on the lower part, within heavy niches, were full-sized statues of Edward VI.; Queen Elizabeth, with a phoenix; and Charles I. treading upon a globe.

Pennant describes the Library as 129 ft. long, 31 ft. broad: it was ceiled with wainscot, had twenty-eight desks, and eight double settles of wainscot.

STANZAS TO FAITH.

"Faith—Faith is the supporting pillar of the mind."
Tillotson.

On thy firm rock, pure Faith! reclin'd,
Which points to Glory's crown on high,
With stedfast thoughts still let me gaze,
And learn with Fortitude to die.

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Thou, sainted beam! still teach my soul,
That dreadful hour with smiles to meet;
Nor let me sink in conscience' gloom,
Nor let Death's triumph be complete.

For by thy fostering hopes upheld,
His sting but gives one moment's pain;
Then shines the spirit cloth'd in light,
Freed from the bondage of his chain.

Teach me then, true religion's guide!
In Heaven's wise precepts to stand fast,
That, with each other child of bliss,
I may alike be blest at last. ENORT.

PLAGIARISM, BY GOLDSMITH.

(To the Editor.)

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die."

THE above lines are, doubtless, well known to your readers, as the production of Dr. Goldsmith, that singular compound of talents and foibles, whose character is so well described in the line, "who writes like an angel but talks like poor Poll." It is not, however, I believe, generally understood that the above verses are a shameless plagiarism from the works of an obscure French poet, by name Ségur, who wrote early in the eighteenth century. His poems are very scarce. My copy, by the title-page, was printed at Paris, in the year 1719. I have transcribed the fragment alluded to, from which it may be seen that the Doctor's lines are, in some parts, a literal translation of Ségur's.

CHANSON.

Lorsqu'une femme, après trop de tendresse,
D'un homme sent la trahison.
Comment, pour cette si douce foiblesse,
Peut-elle trouver une guérison?

Le seul remède qu'elle peut ressentir,
La seule revanche pour son tort,
Pour faire trop tard l'amant repentir,
Hélas! trop tard,—est la mort.

R. H. G.

The Naturalist.

THE COMMON ASH-TREE.

THE common ash is botanically called *Fraxinus excelsior*, the Greek generic name being derived from *phraxis*, in reference to the ease with which its wood splits, while its Latin specific name denotes its exceeding in height all the other species.

From the earliest times the ash has been known to man, its geographical distribution being very extensive. No tree, perhaps, is so hardy. It will endure almost every kind of soil and climate; and even, as Loudon observes, will grow by the sea-side without suffering from the salt breezes.

It has ever been very justly admired for its

graceful, ladylike appearance. The poet Virgil, who permitted no natural beauties to escape his notice, declares

The tow'ring ash is fairest in the woods.—Ecl. vii.

"Gilpin, in his work on forest scenery, calls the oak the Hercules of the forest, and the ash the Venus. The chief characteristic of the one is strength; of the other, elegance. The ash carries its principal stem higher than the oak; and its whole appearance is that of lightness, and the looseness of the leaves correspond with the lightness of the spray. Its bloom is one of the most beautiful appearances of vegetation. The ash, however, drops its leaves very early; and instead of contributing its tint to the many-coloured foliage of the autumnal woods, it presents wide blanks of desolated boughs. In old age, too, it loses that grandeur and beauty which the oak preserves."* In this extract, be it observed, the ash is said to be higher than the oak, which is contrary to the statement of Virgil, who speaks of

Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies.
Georgic iv.

"The drip of the ash is injurious to most other plants; and, therefore, when it is planted in corn-fields, a certain portion round it is unproductive; but in marshy situations, the roots of it, which run a long way at a considerable depth, act as underdrains."† On the ash injuring the corn the following good remarks are made by a recent writer:—"Whether the roots of the ash excrete a deleterious matter, which acts upon the rootlets of the corn-plants within their reach, or whether they draw so much nourishment from the soil, that sufficient food is not left therein for the healthy support of the corn-plants, I have no means of ascertaining; probably, each contributes its share of the ills experienced by the agriculturist, whose corn-field fences are encumbered with ash timber. Large timber trees of all kinds overhanging corn-fields, doubtless, are injurious to the corn growing within the spread of their branches, even if no excrementitious matter is ejected by their roots, and that their roots penetrate too deep into the earth to draw nourishment from the soil in contact with the rootlets of the corn. Light and exposure to the passing breeze are necessary to the rearing of a good crop of corn, as they are to the production of wide-spreading, useful, and ornamental timber."‡

The ash lives to a tolerable old age, and Hooker observes that old ashes are remarkable for "the curving upwards of the extremities of their lower pendant branches." An aged ash, known by the name of the Maiden of Midstrath, at Birse, in the north of Scotland, which perished by the winds in 1833,

was supposed to have existed ever since the end of the sixteenth century. At the time of its fall the circumference of its trunk was found to be 21 feet nearest the earth, and 18 feet at the elevation of nine feet from the ground. One is mentioned, from ninety to a hundred years old, that grew at South Runcton, a village in Norfolk, and which at the time it was felled in 1834 was 45 feet in height, and possessed a root 133 feet in length. The circumference of one at Galway, in Ireland, is said to have been 42 feet, of one mentioned by Dr. Plot, 24 feet, and of another, mentioned by Marsham, at Dumbarton, nearly 17 feet. An Irish specimen is mentioned by Arthur Young as having, in the course of thirty-five years, nearly attained the height of 80 feet.

An old ash is generally rendered a picturesque object by its being embraced by the ivy; and it is a matter of question whether this supports and defends its remains, or, as Shakspeare supposes, "sucks the verdure out on't." Bloomfield says of the woodbine,

"Round the young ash its twining branches meet."

Anciently, according to the prices which Howel Dda, in his Welsh laws, fixed upon trees, an ash must have been valued at only fourpence. Since his time, however, the price has risen, for in every stage of its growth the ash is applicable to useful purposes. The young branches are converted into hoops and hurdles, and the older into building timber, hop-poles, and numerous implements of husbandry, whence it has acquired the cognomen of the "Husbandman's Tree."

The Greeks used the ash in ship-building, on account of its lightness, a quality which they deemed requisite to vessels intended to be swift. The *Argo*, the first ship in profane history, is conjectured to have been built of ash and other light woods, from the circumstance of its crew having contrived to carry it on their shoulders. From a very early period the ash has been prized for making the best darts. Cupid, according to the poets, made his first arrows of ash. The Grecian spear was usually made of it:

"A lance of tough ground ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew."

Æneid, b. ix.

Our gallant knights of ancient times thought those lances the best which were made of it.

The ash, too, was one of the trees of which Edward IV. ordered every Englishman or Irishman in England, should have a bow as high as himself.

Its leaves and twigs "are eaten by cattle with great avidity; the bark is useful in tanning; and the wood yields, when burnt, a considerable quantity of potash."§

Let us now turn to the strange superstitions connected with this tree.

* Vegetable Substances, vol. i.

† Ibid.

‡ Field Naturalist, vol. ii. page 72.

§ Timber Trees, vol. i.

"In a farm-yard," says Gilbert White, "near the middle of this village, [Selborne,] stands a row of pollard ashes, which, by the seams and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly show that, in former times, they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over, the tree, in the suffering part, was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the parts coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out, where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured; but where the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual. * * We have several persons now living in the village, who, in their childhood, were supposed to be healed by this superstitious ceremony, derived down, perhaps, from our Saxon ancestors, who practised it before their conversion to Christianity." The Rev. Mr. Bree has recorded another instance of a resort to the same mode of supposed cure within these few years. "In a plantation which I had made and nursed with some interest, I observed a thriving young ash plant carefully lapped round with a taching end, *i. e.* a shoemaker's waxed string. On closer examination I perceived that the tree had been cut through in a horizontal direction to the centre, and then split upwards perpendicularly to the length of about two feet. I was not a little puzzled even to conjecture for what purpose the tree had been subjected to such severe treatment. The injury sustained, it was plain, could not have been done accidentally; and, had it been done for mere mischief's sake, the perpetrator, I thought, would hardly have been at the pains carefully to lap the injured stem round with a taching end. After some inquiry, the whole history came to light: a neighbouring shoemaker had a child badly ruptured; and, in order to effect a cure, the tree had been split, and the infant passed between the two halves thus separated for the purpose; these were then bound together, as already described; and if the parts finally united (so the belief goes) the child would recover!"

The ash was, also, considered efficacious in curing cattle of maladies which they were absurdly supposed to have received from a shrew-mouse having run over their bodies. Gilbert White thus writes of an ash, at Selborne, which was used for this purpose:—

"At the south corner of the Plestor, or area, near the church, there stood, about twenty years ago, a very old, grotesque, hollow, pollard ash, which for ages had been looked on with no small veneration as a shrew-ash. Now, a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected: for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature, that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, when once medicated, would maintain its virtue for ever. A shrew-ash was made thus:—Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor, devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt, with several quaint incantations long since forgotten. As the ceremonies necessary for such a consecration are no longer understood, all succession is at end, and no such tree is known to subsist in the manor or hundred." This shrew-ash, according to a writer in the *Magazine of Natural History*, seems to have been felled about the year 1758. The use of the shrew-ash is said to be also mentioned in Plot's *Staffordshire*.

The Reverend Mr. Bree mentions a vulgar belief that if ash-trees have no keys or seed-vessels on them, it is a sign that in the course of a twelvemonth there will be no king. "William IV. and his royal successors," says he, "need be under no alarm on this account. The proverb supposes two events which never take place: for, as according to the genius of our constitution, the king never dies; so, no season, I believe, ever occurs, in which the ash-trees are wholly destitute of keys."

The lads of Cambridgeshire are stated by Mr. Denson to amuse themselves in seeking a leaf of the common ash having as many leaflets as they had years in their age, and then regarding the first lass they meet, when they have obtained the object of their search, as destined to be their future partner.

It appears from the *Edda*, that in the ancient Runic or Icelandic mythology, there was an allegory concerning the ash, and serving to trace the progress of learning in a manner very similar to our account of the tree of knowledge. JAMES FENNELL.

Southwark.

BRITISH BIRDS.

EVERY production of nature when rightly studied, (says Mr. Mudie, in the introduction to his *Natural History of Birds*,) becomes,

* According to Brand, this is a very ancient and extensive piece of superstition.—See Brand, ii. 591, where an account is given from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for October, 1804, of the ceremony having been practised in the parish of Solihull, in Warwickshire.

in after time, an index to that part of nature in connexion with which it is found; and a bird, as being one of the most remarkable of those productions, is more easily suggested to the mind than any other, and more readily brings along with it all the relations of its locality, and all the phenomena of the time when it is observed. On this account, he who knows all the birds of the British Islands, in their connexions and relations, can, whenever he is so minded, live mentally in all the varied scenes of the British Islands, and, therefore, enjoy all the pleasure of them, be his bodily locality where it may. He may be on the bleak moor where there is not a shrub; in the close lane of the city, where even the sky is barely seen; in the solitude of a prison-house, or laid on a bed of sickness, deprived of the use of sight, and with all his senses dull and indifferent to present objects. But still, if his former study had been true to nature, nature will not desert him in the hour of affliction, or even at the moment of dissolution. Even then, the eagle and ptarmigan shall fetch him to the mountain, and he shall climb, with bounding heart and sinewed limbs, and the healthful breeze shall play around him, and he shall look down upon a hundred valleys, scan all their inhabitants, and taste all their freshness, till the grief of the body become clean forgotten in the enjoyment of the mind. Or, if other scenes please him more, the warbler shall lead him to the groves and bowery glades of the forest, and the green leaves shall play in the scented breeze, and the flowers shall blow, and the song of nature shall be sweet and varied, and he shall anew be "the happy boy," even in the extremity of decrepitude. Or the sea-bird shall conduct him to the cliff, against whose caverned base the waves of ten thousand seas have thundered in vain; and he shall look upon the majesty of the waters; and the ship shall appear, and he shall mentally get on board, girdle the world, and visit every scene, and every tribe of men under the sun. All this, and much more may be done by any one who has studied the birds, even of one little nook of earth, so in their connexion they may be (which they never fail to be when rightly studied) an artificial memory; and in proportion as this species of knowledge extends to the tribes of other lands, the enjoyment—the real and substantial value—for there is no value but in enjoyment, extends and multiplies in a progression far more rapid than even the knowledge; so that he who has studied the whole in all their connexions, may, literally, and without any figure, be said to have won the whole world for his heritage. And it is an heritage secured under the charter of the Almighty, of which the possession cannot be taken away by all the power and all the arts of man; neither can the possessor himself squander it,

as external possessions are often squandered. But no man who has once acquired knowledge can despoil himself of that. The mental perception is as immortal as the mind itself; and the attempt to extinguish the one, were as vain as that to annihilate the other.

W. G. C.

CURIOUS FISH.

In some of the rivers in Guiana, there is found a curious fish, about the size of a smelt, which has four eyes, two on each side, placed one above the other; when swimming, it keeps two eyes above, and two below the surface.

W. G. C.

Notes of a Reader.

NOTES,

From the Second Series of Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

Irish Hospitality.

It is a far easier thing to get into a house in Ireland than to get out of it again; for there is an attractive and retentive witchery about the hospitality of the natives which has no match, as far as I have seen, any where else in the wide world. In other places, the people are hospitable or kind to a stranger, as the case may be, or as the guest seems to want assistance: but in Ireland, the affair is reduced to a sort of science, and a web of attentions is flung round the visitor before he well knows where he is. So that if he be not a very cold-blooded, or a very clear-sighted, or a very temperate man, it will cost him sundry headaches—and, mayhap, some touches of the heartache—before he wins his way back again to his wonted tranquillity.

Good whisky-punch, well made, is certainly, of all the tipples ever invented by mortal man, the most insinuating and the most loving, because, more than any other, it disposes the tippler to be pleased with himself. It brightens his hopes, assuages his sorrows, crumbles down his difficulties, softens the hostility of his enemies, and, in fact, inclines him, for the time being, to think generously of all mankind, at the tip-top of which, it naturally and good-naturedly places his own dear self, with a glass in one hand and a mug in the other, without a wish ungratified, and as unsuspicious of evil as if not a single drop of gall, or a sprig of worm-wood, existed on the face of the earth.

Leaving the Channel.

This fair start is always a grand affair, whatever succeeds; for if the prevalent westerly wind catches a ship before the Channel is left well behind, she may be driven back to Plymouth or Falmouth, and all the agony of bills, news, leave-taking,

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and letters, has to be endured over again. Whereas, if she once gets the Lizard Light some fifty leagues astern of her, all these ferreting distractions may be considered at an end. A totally new world—"the world of waters."—is now entered upon, far beyond the reach even of those long-armed persons, the "gentlemen of the press," or the startling sound of the postman's knock, that call which so often sets off the steadiest-going pulse at a gallop! No one, indeed, who has not tried the experiment, can have an idea of the extraordinary and delightful change which a few hours can bring about in this respect, or of the peculiar calm, which, when the ship is once fairly at sea, succeeds to the furious storms, or rather squalls, of the parting scene in port.

Trade Winds.

These vast currents of air, which sweep round and round the globe in huge strips of more than twelve hundred miles in width, are in a manner forced, more or less, on every one's notice, from contributing essentially to that boundless interchange of the productions of distant regions, by which modern times are so agreeably distinguished from the old.

Cold and Hot Weather.

Let people say what they please of the fine, bracing weather of a cold climate, I never saw any truth-speaking persons who, on coming fairly to the trial, did not complain of a cold, frosty morning as a very great nuisance, or who did not cling eagerly to the fire to unbrace themselves again. For my own part, I have always delighted in the relaxation, if such be the word, or the lassitude caused by hot weather, and accordingly, have very rarely in my life encountered too hot a day. Of course, in saying this, I take it for granted that the weather is to have fair play, and that our dress, apartments, and all other circumstances, shall be suitable. Many a day far too hot have I met with in the choky, oven-like streets of London, where the blacks and the dust and the multitudes of people combine to augment the temperature, already raised to the true German stove pitch by the reflection of such of the sun's rays as succeed in forcing their way through the stratum of smoke to the half-black, half-red bricks of the walls. In winter evenings, too, when every crevice or opening for the air in a well-packed ball-room is carefully kept shut, by orders from those perverse dowagers who choose to plant themselves near the windows, a lively representation of the climate of the black-hole at Calcutta is sure to be enacted. At such seasons it certainly is rather too hot. Occasionally, also, at night, on board ship, in warm climates, in harbour, or in a calm at sea, when all hands are below, the climate may well be

called insufferable. Or in such horrible sinks and swamps as Batavia and New Orleans, where the motionless air becomes thick and clammy with miasmata, there is no denying that the heat is too great.

Washing a Shirt.

Ever since the days of Captain Cook, (the father of our present domestic economy on board ship,) it has been the practice to allow the crew two washing days per week.

There is a prodigious difference between a shirt scrubbed in salt water, and one which has been washed in fresh. We all know the misery of putting on wet clothes, or sleeping in damp sheets. Now a shirt washed in salt water is really a great deal worse than either; because, in the cases alluded to, one may apply to the fire or the sun, and remedy the evil at the cost of a little time and trouble; but in the wretched predicament of putting on salt-water-washed linen, no such process avails any thing. You first dry your unhappy shirt, by exposing it to the sun or the fire till it seems as free from moisture as any bone: you then put it on in hopes of enjoying the benefit of clean linen. Alas, not a whit of enjoyment follows! For if the air be in a humid state, or you are exposed to exercise, the treacherous salt, which, when crystallized, had hidden itself in the fibres of the cloth, speedily deliquesces or melts, and you have all the tortures of being once more wrapped in moist drapery. In your agony, you pull it off, run to the galley-range, and toast it over again; or you hang it up in the fiery heat of the southern sun, and when not a particle of wet seems to remain, you draw it on a second time, fancying your job at last complete. But, miserable man, you are as ill off as ever; for the insidious enemy has merely retired out of sight, but still lurks so close, that no art we yet know of will expel him, save and except that of a good sound rinsing in fresh water.

Light of the Sea.

Porpoises appear to have some very rapid method of communication among themselves; for they not only proceed in myriads in one straight course, but often amuse themselves by leaping in considerable numbers out of the water, with such perfect identity of time in all their movements, that on hearing them fall we might fancy them but one fish. For hours at a time I have leaned over the gangway railing, when the ship has been going at the rate of ten or eleven miles, merely to watch them gliding alongside of us in pairs, leaping simultaneously out of the water. At night, this companionship is always particularly striking; but most so when the sea, either from some inherent, phosphorescent property, or from the presence of animalculæ, possesses



GUILDHALL CHAPEL, (described at page 211.)

the quality of giving out light upon being agitated. On such occasions, when the foam dashed off from the ship's bows resembles molten silver, and the train in her wake stretches far astern along the sea, like the tail of a comet across the sky, the track of the porpoise is likewise marked in the most beautiful style that can well be imagined. Besides trailing behind this long, unbroken line of fire, each fish is surrounded by a sort of halo, or glow of bright bluish sparks, and the form of its head and body can then be distinctly seen, or even the slightest movement of the tail discovered fully better than in daylight. The lustre of this mysterious illumination is at times so great, that one may read off the seconds-hand of a watch by its help alone. Indeed, the light caused by the foam on the lee-side of a ship, when much pressed with sail, and the agitation of the water becomes considerable, often casts a distinct glow on the bulge, or belly of the courses, and reaching as far up as the foot of the topsails, may almost be detected on the foot top-gallant sails in a very dark night.

The Shark.

The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the

wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead, would furnish a sort of scale of the force exerted.

Cutting up a Shark.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads at Java, when we were pro-

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feeding to China, with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!"

The Public Journals.

THE REVOLUTION IN SWEDEN—DETHRONEMENT OF GUSTAVUS IV.

[Six and twenty years and three weeks have elapsed since this grand political manœuvre; the date of its occurrence being March 12, 1809. The poor king, shorn of his sovereignty, subsequently retired into private life, and, in his seclusion, has thrown the particulars of the Revolution into the form of a pamphlet, which has just been published at Hamburg, and is noticed in the No. (xxix.) of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.* "In this pamphlet," says the Reviewer, "the dethroned King of Sweden himself relates the circumstances attending the revolution which deprived him of power and drove him into exile, and shows very clearly that he must necessarily have fallen a victim to so powerful a confederacy as that of Erfurt in 1809. Napoleon wanted to have a supple half-revolutionary king in Sweden; Alexander wanted Finland; both were adverse to the then reigning sovereign, whose legitimacy and attachment to the English party stood in the way of the French emperor, and whose equally legitimate right to Finland was a stumbling-block to the Russian autocrat. The parties in the country itself which accomplished this *coup d'état* were merely the tools of an interest that was not Swedish. The account given by the ex-king of the seizure of his person by the conspirators will be perused with interest."]

Field-marshal Count von Klingsporr, commander-in-chief of the army of Finland, had returned some months back to Stockholm, and after him General von Adlercreutz had

* By the way, in every respect, an excellent Number, and an earnest of the proprietor's anxiety "to make this journal more and more worthy of the distinguished patronage which the public has been pleased to bestow upon it ever since its first commencement."

arrived from the same army, covered with laurels, but yet lacking those of revolution. These generals were to receive the orders of the king before they returned to their posts. They and several other military and civil officers, some of whom had been already admitted to the king, were assembled in the ante-chamber. He desired Klingsporr to be called, and, during the conversation, the field-marshal secretly opened the door to General von Adlercreutz and Adjutant-General von Silfversparre: these gentlemen immediately entered, and besought the king not to quit the capital. The king perceiving that several staff-officers were following and forcing an entrance, drew his sword, exclaiming "Treason!" The officers on guard hastened to the spot; but, instead of putting a speedy end to this outrage, they suffered themselves to be disarmed by those whom they ought themselves to have disarmed. The king, surrounded by a great number of officers, could not resist alone: M. von Silfversparre fell upon him from behind, and wrested the sword from the king with both hands, and with the utmost violence; and then, amidst blows, the confusion reached the highest pitch. While the conspirators were striving to secure the person of the king, and with that view locking the door of his apartment, other officers and faithful servants were endeavouring to break it open for the purpose of rescuing him: in this struggle the entrance door was split from top to bottom, and there was seen upon the floor of the room a stove-fork, which had been dropped by or snatched from some person, besides bits of glass which belonged to the lustre, and also small blue and yellow feathers, part of the plumes of the staff-officers, the fragments of which lay scattered, as if by the most vehement tempest, upon the carpet. When the king perceived that the conspirators had made themselves masters of the door, he called out aloud, "Save me, in the name of Jesus Christ!" and strove to release himself. He forcibly seized the sword of General Von Stromfeldt, but, being completely encompassed by the conspirators, he was soon disarmed again. When tranquillity was in some measure restored, and the greatest part of the officers engaged in the conspiracy were gone, Field-marshal von Klingsporr and some other persons, only were left with the king. General von Adlercreutz, who had thought fit to assume the office of adjutant-general, deemed it equally expedient to make his report to H. R. H. the Duke of Sudermannia of what had just happened to the king: at his desire, his new comrade, Adjutant-general von Silfversparre, accompanied him thither. The two gentlemen strove to persuade the Duke to place himself as regent at the head of the government, and H. R. H. considered it his duty to comply.

In the apartment in which the king was arrested, there were two side-doors, each having a different outlet. The first was that which had been broken, and through which the people were watching the king; none of the conspirators bethought them of guarding the other. Before these violent proceedings began, the king had locked it with the key, but the door opened of itself as if by a miracle. The king alone observing this, and seeing that the general's sword which he had seized had been from negligence left behind in the room, he armed himself with it, put on his hat, went out at the above-mentioned door, and locked it after him with the key. General von Adlercreutz, who had returned from the Duke of Sudermannia, was instantly apprized of the circumstance, and with several officers pursued the king. The king, after locking the door with the key, ascended a winding staircase, leading to the upper story. He saw the general enter, after breaking open the folding doors with violence, and had only time to throw at him the key which he yet held in his hand, upon which he pursued his way, running so fast that he distanced all those who were in pursuit of him. While the king hurried through the queen's apartments, he ordered some of the servants to lock the doors after him; but these people, seeing him pursued by so many officers, had not the courage to obey. During the pursuit, General von Adlercreutz, or one of his officers, fell on the stairs and rolled from top to bottom; the king thereby gained such an advantage, that he had hopes of reaching the main-guard of the palace, and there ending either the revolution or his life. After he had reached the great staircase, the king also fell, from tripping against one of the steps, and received a severe contusion on the right arm; but rising again, he continued his course through the corridor to the north door, intending to proceed across the inner courtyard of the palace to the western door, before which the main-guard was stationed. But Providence, whose decrees are frequently so inscrutable, willed otherwise: the steps of two conspirators were directed towards the north door at the very moment when the king arrived there. One of these was an old military officer, a stout, robust man, named Greif, who had an appointment in the royal hunting establishment with the rank of major; the other a young civilian: the latter fled when he saw the king rushing on the officer, sword in hand, to run him through the body; but he avoided the thrust, and was only slightly wounded in the left arm; and, as the weapon was left sticking in the sleeve of his great coat, he availed himself of this circumstance to seize the king, and to hold him fast with all his strength. The king, weakened, exhausted, breathless, could not disengage himself. A wood-carrier belonging to the palace

coming up unexpectedly, advanced and said to the officer, "What are you doing to the king?" "I will do the king no harm," replied the officer quite calmly. The king, having lost the power of speech, could not utter a word, and the wood-carrier, quite confounded by what he had just seen, ran off as the other conspirators came up to secure the king. They led him by force up the great staircase to the first floor, to the queen's apartments. The king was no longer able to walk: he said to them in a faint voice, "Carry me." In passing two German sentries, he strove to tell them to release and follow him; but General von Adlercreutz, who was at his side, protested, as it might naturally be supposed, against it. When they had reached the first saloon on the principal story, the king, feeling that he had somewhat recovered his strength, said that he would walk again; and in this manner he proceeded, surrounded by the conspirators, who held him fast. In the second saloon were two of the body-guard of the Duke of Sudermannia on duty, who presented arms as the king passed. On reaching the third gallery, the conspirators were undecided which way to turn, the king pointed to the near door of the apartment called the White Room, and they obeyed. They placed the king upon a chair near the window, opposite to the gallery, where he remained for several hours in a state of the deepest humiliation, exposed to the gaze of persons who had taken part in the revolution, or whom the circumstances of the moment had brought together in the palace.

[Such (adds the Reviewer) were the circumstances that tore the crown from the brow of the legitimate monarch of Sweden, and led to the exaltation of a foreigner, a child and champion of the French revolution to the throne of the Scandinavian peninsula.]

THE JUNGFAU OF THE LURLEI.—A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Who sails with pennant waving gay
So swift adown the Rhine?—
A chief I see with ostrich plume,
A chief and boatmen nine.
As swallow swift with dipping wing,
So swift they glide along,
And ever as they lift the oar
They raise the merry song.

It is the young Count Palatine
That comes in that swift boat,
And he a deed of strange intent
Within his heart hath thought.

For he hath heard of the Jungfrau
That on the Lurlei stands,
And he in haste is coming now
On her to lay his hands.

By Mary Mother hath he sworn,
The maiden shall be mine—
Now fresh to work, my merry men,
And row we down the Rhine!

The pilot was an aged man:
Deep thought with blithe content
Upon his weather-beaten brow
And cheek was friendly blent.

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"I rede thee, young Count Palatine,
I rede thee well," quoth he,
"I am a man of many years,
Though but of low degree.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
My spirit bodes no good
Of this strange voyage that we sail,
We do not as we should.

"The Virgin of the Lurlei rock,
We know not what she be;
She may be of the angel race;
She is no bride for thee.

"Or an Undine she may be,
A daughter of the stream;
Rough mortal hand to touch a maid
So pure may not beseem.

"For oft-times at calm eventide,
As native fishers tell,
When mellow shines the parting light,
And chimes the vesper bell.

"She beckons with a friendly hand,
And, pointing to the flood,
There, if you fish, she seems to say,
Your fishing will be good.

"And whoso, with the rising sun,
First casts where she hath shown,
The choicest fish that Rhine can boast
That day he calls his own.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
My heart misgives me sore,
I rede thee turn from this Jungfrau,
And think on her no more."

"Have thou no fear, my pilot true,
Thou know'st I mean no harm;
The maid shall grace my festal board,
Shall rest within my arm.

"And be she of Undine-tribe,
Or of the angel race,
The Heaven that sent me such a boon,
Therefore shall grant me grace."

And to his words a loud halloo
His merry comrades shouted;
The pilot strove to smile in vain
He shook his head and doubled.

And plash, and plash, and hil-hillola!
Still gaily on it goes
Adown the stream, till to their view
The Lurlei rock uprose.

And on that rock there shone a sheen
Of mingled sun and moon,
And as they nigher came, they heard
A strange, unearthly tune,

But wondrous sweet. The Jungfrau sat
Beside the silver sand,
And held a string of amber beads
In her uplifted hand.

And her the mellow-setting sun
And mellow-rising moon
Beside, as there that Virgin sat
And sang her witching tune.

"Now, by high Heaven! that golden hair,
That eye of blue is mine!"—
So spake, and sprang with sudden leap,
The young Count Palatine;

But sprang too soon. His hasty step
Missed the deceiving shore:
The whirling eddy sucked him down,
He sank and rose no more.

"Saint Ursel, save us!" cried the men,
And rowed them up the Rhine:
The maid was seen no more that night,
Nor more the moon did shine.

The Count was wroth; he loved his son:
Three trusty knights sent he,
To seize that Jungfrau, and revenge
Her wicked sorcery.

For he did deem his son was drowned
By cursed craft of holl—
Three holy red-cross knights he sent,
To break that fiendish spell.

The three knights came. The Jungfrau read
Their message on their face.
"Touch me no mortal hand, for I
Am of Undine race."

She said, and in the deep, blue wave,
Her amber beads she threw—
"Come, father!—welcome, watery home!
Ungrateful earth, adieu!"

The waves did swell, the waves did roll,
The waves did heave them high;
Into twin foamy steeds their crests
Did shape them fearfully.

And on the one a king there sat,
Old Kühleborn he high;
He wore an emerald mantle green,
With pearls his crown was dight.

A sceptre of the watery reed,
His outstretched arm did wave;
And with an eye of ocean's blue,
A quick command he gave.

And she, the daughter of his love,
Besprang the second steed,
And bowed her low before her sire,
That helped her in her need.

The waves fell back, the waves fell down,
Into their caves they coil;
As if by Jesu's voice rebuked,
Their face lay calm as oil.

The knights beheld it from the rock,
Their kness sink down in prayer,
And signing many a holy cross,
Unto their boats they fare.

And on the cradled wave upborne,
A silver shell they saw;
A shining text was writ thereon,
They read that text with awe.

"Think twice, rash man! before thy foot
Disturb a holy spot:
The lovely shapes of earth and sky
Behold—but touch them not!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

New Books.

TOPOGRAPHY OF THEBES, AND GENERAL VIEW OF EGYPT.

By J. G. Wilkinson, Esq.

[ANOTHER "great big book," (pp. 600,) describing the antiquities of Egypt is somewhat too much for our digressive columns. We shall, therefore, merely premise that the bulky volume before us is "a short account of the principal objects worthy of notice in the valley of the Nile; with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the ancient Egyptians, the productions of the country, &c." It is, consequently, a guide to Ancient Egypt, divested of technicalities as far as the subjects will allow, and has, evidently, been written rather for the million than for the antiquary. It is conveniently divided into chapters, as the Topography of Thebes, Gates of the Kings' Tombs; Luqor and El Karnak; Journeys from Alexandria to Thebes, and from Thebes to Nubia; Chronologies of the Kings, Caliphs, and Moslem kings; the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, &c. We quote, for the

present, passages relating to a popular wonder, and promise our readers a selection from the Egyptian manners and customs. First, are a few pages explanatory of a much disputed phenomenon,—

The Vocal Statue of Memnon.

The easternmost of the two sitting colossi (in the plain of Thebes) has been the wonder of the ancients, and the subject of some controversy among modern writers; nor were the numerous inscriptions, which decide it to have been the Memnon of the Romans, sufficient to convince every one that this was the statue reported by ancient authors to utter a sound at the rising of the sun. Strabo, who visited it with Ælius Gallus, the governor of Egypt, confesses that he heard a sound, but could "not affirm" whether it proceeded from the pedestal, or from the statue itself, or even from some of those who stood near its base; and independent of his total disbelief that it was uttered by the stone itself, he does not hint that the name of Memnon had as yet been given it. The superstition of the Roman visitors, however, shortly after, ascribed it to the son of Tithonus, and a multitude of inscriptions testified his miraculous powers, and the credulity of the writers. Previous to Strabo's time, the "upper part of this statue above the throne, had been broken and hurled down," as he was told, "by the shock of an earthquake;" nor do the repairs afterwards made to it appear to date prior to the time of Juvenal, since the poet † thus refers to its fractured condition:—

"Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ."

But from the account in the Apollonius Thyanæus of Philostratus, we should conclude that the statue had been already repaired as early as the age of Juvenal, who was also a contemporary of the emperor Domitian; since Damis, the companion of the philosopher, asserts that the "sound was uttered when the sun touched its lips." But the license of poetry and the fictions of Damis render both authorities of little weight in deciding this point. The foot was also broken, and repaired, but if at the same time as the upper part, the epoch of its restoration must date after the time of Adrian or at the close of his reign; as the inscription on the left foot has been cut through to admit the cramp which united the restored part. Pliny, following the opinion then in vogue, calls it the statue of Memnon, and adds that it was erected before the Temple of Serapis;—a strange mistake, since the temple of that deity was never admitted within the precincts of an Egyptian city, and the worship of Serapis was unknown in Egypt at the epoch of its foundation.

The nature of the stone, which was also supposed to offer some difficulty, is a coarse,

hard gritstone, "spotted," according to Tzetzes' expression, with numerous chalcodones, and here and there coloured with black and red oxide of iron. The height of either Colossus is forty-seven feet, † or fifty-three above the plain, with the pedestal, which, now buried from six feet ten inches to seven feet below the surface, completes, to its base, a total of sixty. The repairs of the vocal statue are of blocks of sandstone, placed horizontally, in five layers, and forming the body, head, § and upper part of the arms; but the line of hieroglyphics at the back has not been completed, nor is there any inscription to announce the era or name of its restorer. || The accuracy of Pausanias, who states that "the Thebans deny this is the statue of Memnon, but of Phamenoph, their countryman," instead of clearing the point in question, was supposed to offer an additional difficulty: but the researches of Pococke and Hamilton have long since satisfactorily proved this to be the Memnon of the ancients; who, we learn by an inscription on the left foot, was supposed also to bear the name of Phamenoph. And the hieroglyphical labours of M. Champollion at length decided the question, and Amunoph once more asserts his claims to the statues he erected.

The destruction of the upper part has been attributed to Cambyses, by the writers of some of the inscriptions and by some ancient authors, which seems more probable than the cause assigned by Strabo, since the temple to which it belonged, and the other colossi in the dromos, have evidently been levelled and mutilated by the hand of man.

The sound it uttered was said to resemble the breaking of a harp-string, or, according to the preferable authority of a witness, a metallic ring, and the memory of its daily performance, about the first or second hour after sunrise, is still retained in the traditional appellation of Salamat, "salutations," by the modern inhabitants of Thebes. The priests, who, no doubt, contrived the sound of the statue, were artful enough to allow the supposed deity to fail in his accustomed habit, and some were consequently disappointed on their first visit, and obliged to return another morning to satisfy their curiosity. This fact is also recorded on its feet with the precision of the credulous.

In the lap of the statue is a stone, which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound, ¶ that

† The head is a single stone.

§ I make the west statue, by the sextant, forty-seven feet; and the other, by actual measurement, forty-seven feet nine.

|| Perhaps repaired by the Theban priests, who must have been considerable gainers by the credulity of those who visited their *lion*; or through the liberality of Adrian after his Egyptian tour.

¶ Mr. Burton and I first remarked the metallic sound of this stone in 1824, and conjectured that it might have been used to deceive the Roman visitors; but the nature of the sound, which did not agree

* Strabo, lib. xvii.

† Juv. sat. xv.

might still* be made use of to deceive a visitor, who was predisposed to believe its powers; and from its position, and the squared space cut in the block behind, as if to admit a person who might thus lie concealed from the most scrutinous observer in the plain below, it seems to have been used after the restoration of the statue; and another similar recess exists beneath the present site of this stone, which might have been intended for the same purpose when the statue was in its mutilated state.

The form of these colossi resembles that mentioned by Diodorus, in the tomb of Osymandyas, in which the figures of the daughter and mother of the king stood on either side of the legs of the larger central statue, the length of whose foot exceeded seven cubits, or ten and a-half feet. Such, indeed, is the size of their feet; and on either side stand attached to the throne the wife and mother of Amunoph, in height about six yards. The traces of a smaller figure of his queen are also seen between the feet, whose height did not exceed two and a-half yards. The proportions of the colossi are about † the same as of the granite statue of Remeses II.; but they are inferior in the weight and hardness of their materials. The thrones are ornamented with figures of the god Nilus, who, holding the stalks of two plants peculiar to the river, is engaged in binding up a pedestal, or table, surmounted by the name of the Egyptian monarch; a symbolic group, indicating his dominion over the upper and lower countries. A line of hieroglyphics extends perpendicularly down the back, from the shoulder to the pedestal, containing the name of the Pharaoh they represent.

Three hundred feet behind these are the remains of another colossus of similar form and dimensions, which, fallen prostrate, is partly buried by the alluvial deposits of the Nile.

with the accounts given by ancient authors, seemed to present an insuperable objection. In a subsequent visit to Thebes, in 1839, on again examining the statue and its inscriptions, I found that one Bailly had compared it to the striking of brass; and feeling convinced that this authority was more decisive than the vague accounts of those writers who had never heard it, I determined on posting some peasants below, and ascending myself to the lap of the statue, with a view of hearing from them the impression made by the sound. Having struck the scabrous block with a small hammer, I inquired what they heard, and their answer, "Ente beidrob e'nahâs," "You are striking brass," convinced me that the sound was the same that deceived the Romans, and led Strabo to observe that it appeared to him as the effect of a slight blow.

* More than one modern traveller has repaired to the statue before sunrise in hopes of hearing the sound.

† They measure about eighteen feet three across the shoulders; sixteen feet six from top of shoulder to elbow; ten feet six from top of head to shoulder; seventeen feet nine from elbow to the fingers' end; nineteen feet eight from knee to plant of foot.

AMUNOPH'S TRAVELS.

(Continued from page 186.)

[We quote a painfully interesting scene from this impartial work, and must add our earnest hope that such traits of cold humanity will ere long be exterminated from that boasted land of freedom in which the following occurred.]

Slave Auction.

During my stay in the capital of Virginia, for the first time in my life I witnessed a scene, alike degrading to mankind and abhorrent and disgusting to the friends of humanity. Who can doubt that I allude to the slave-trade? The newspapers had several days previously inserted an advertisement to nearly the following effect:

"On Saturday next, at nine o'clock A.M., will be sold by public auction the following excellent and good-looking Negro Slaves, &c.

"Betsy, a Negro woman, twenty-three years of age, with her child Cæsar, three years old. She is a good cook; understands washing and ironing, and is warranted sound.

"Julia, a Mulatress, thirteen years old; an excellent hand in the fields; strong and hearty; has a trifling blemish in one eye, otherwise warranted.

"Augustus, a Negro boy, six years old; a good subject for a servant. Faultless.

"The above slaves will be sold, without reserve, to the highest bidder; and the buyer may have one, two, and four months' credit, on offering unexceptionable paper, &c."

I was not behindhand, as it may be supposed, in attending the auction: among a variety of other saleable articles, such as pots, pans, beds, chairs, books, &c., the unfortunate slaves were sitting close to each other, all as decently dressed as might be expected from persons who are considered by their equals as mere animals. The mother, with the child in her lap, was the first who drew my attention. She had seated herself, or rather the vender had placed her, in such a situation that any one entering the store could, without difficulty, see both her and the child. Speculators went round and surveyed the unfortunate group with looks of curiosity and scrutiny, as if it had been some masterpiece from the chisel of a Canova, a Thorwaldsen, or a Byström. These cold-blooded and unfeeling beings treated the slaves with an indifference, a roughness, which made me shudder.

The only one of these blacks who appeared to feel her degraded situation was poor Betsy. Her eyes were constantly fixed on her infant; and if at times she lifted them up, it was at the commanding request of some buyer, desirous of ascertaining if they were strong enough to support work night and day; but the moment she had complied with the injunction, she looked down again on her babe, and answered every question without again raising

them, or even casting a glance on the inquirer. This, however, was not the case with the other slaves: they laughed good-naturedly at every jest, looked upon the inspection as extremely foolish, and their large white eyes sparkled like brilliants in their heads with delight at the lively and witty talk of the "Gentlemen" who had come all the way from the country for the purpose of purchasing human creatures! Julia indulged in innocent playfulness, ignorant of the real character of the scene: the more harshly she was commanded the better she was pleased.

But the time for sale approached. Several buyers had assembled in the store, anxious to overbid each other for the possession of the Negroes. The auctioneer invited them to come out; and on a table before the door, in the middle of the street, one of the slaves at a time was exposed for sale. Betsy and her child had the honour of occupying the first place in the catalogue. Close to her side stood the auctioneer on a chair, and round them a number of people who, partly from motives of curiosity, partly from a desire to speculate, attended on the occasion. In the crowd, I discovered at least a dozen Negroes and Negro women, who stopped in passing to gratify their curiosity. They appeared to listen with an extraordinary degree of attention to the progress of the sale. I could not avoid sympathizing with them, in witnessing the expression of feeling they showed towards their fellow-creatures.

At that moment, I heard, to my horror, a burst of laughter from the crowd. I looked round, and observed all the surrounding blacks indulging in so hearty a laugh, that I was nigh being smitten with the same fit, so ridiculous was the scene, and so many contortions did the various faces exhibit. Full of surprise, I inquired the cause, and was informed that one of them had happened to make a most striking and ludicrous remark, respecting the mother then about to be sold. Can there be anything more unfeeling, more unbecoming, than that persons, themselves slaves, who have often gone through the same ordeal of being sold like beasts, and who are consequently thoroughly acquainted with its iniquity, that these persons should jest and laugh at the natural horror and timidity felt by a mother at the time of sale?

"A woman to be disposed of!" commenced the auctioneer, with a loud voice; "who will start a price? She is an excellent woman, without blemishes! And a boy into the bargain! What shall I say for mother and son? Two hundred and fifty dollars. I thank you, sir. Two hundred and fifty dollars once. Will any person give more than two hundred and fifty? Why, gentlemen, this is as cheap as cattle; look at her eyes, limbs, &c. Shall I say two hundred and sixty? Much obliged to you. Two hundred and sixty

are offered, once. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars did I hear? Gentlemen, it is the cheapest lot I ever sold. Only two hundred and eighty dollars for the very best cook, laundress, and seamstress? Is she to be knocked down for a paltry two hundred and eighty dollars? Going for two hundred and eighty dollars. Three hundred dollars, two voices: I am glad to see you get into the spirit, gentlemen. Three hundred and ten is offered, once. Three hundred and thirty—three hundred and thirty-five—three hundred and forty: going for three hundred and forty. Really, gentlemen, I am astonished; allow an experienced cook to be sacrificed for only three hundred and forty dollars! By Jupiter, and all the gods in Olympus! such a woman as this for the trifling sum of three hundred and forty dollars! I beg you for a moment to reflect, gentlemen! and a boy into the bargain!"

Here the auctioneer was stopped by one of the buyers, a man whose features from the beginning had inspired me with horror, and who now, with the indifference and sangfroid of a real assassin, made the following observation: "The boy is good for nothing; he is not worth a day's feed. If I buy the mother, I will sell the brat immediately, at a cheap rate, to the first comer."

I cast a glance at the unfortunate mother, to observe what effect this barbarous expression might produce. She uttered not a word; but her countenance denoted profound grief and resignation. The little innocent child in her arms fixed his large dark eyes upon her, as if to ask, "Why do you weep, mother?" and then turned, astonished, towards those who witnessed this touching scene, with an expression which seemed to say, "What is the matter? What have ye done to my mother, since she is crying so bitterly?" I shall never forget this moment; it confirmed me for life in my former abhorrence of the traffic in human flesh.

The auction continued:—"Three hundred and forty dollars—three hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty dollars—a better woman has never come under the hammer, I feel well satisfied—three hundred and fifty dollars for a woman worth at least six hundred dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars—going for three hundred and sixty dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars, once, twice, thrice—going for three hundred and sixty—for three hundred and sixty—going—going—going—for three hundred and sixty dollars—three hundred and sixty dollars, I say—make up your minds, gentlemen—you will lose her—going—going—gone. She is yours for three hundred and sixty dollars." A blow with the hammer concluded the bargain; the victim descended from the table, and the buyer carried her off.

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single word during the progress of the sale. When they overbade each other, it was not done in the customary way by means of words. They nodded to the auctioneer, who rolled his eyes round the assembly, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. Each movement with the head had probably a peculiar signification, for the intention of the speculator was never mistaken, and he added, accordingly, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars to the bidding.

The other slaves were disposed of in the same manner as poor Betsy. Julia fetched only three hundred and twenty-six dollars; and Augustus one hundred and five dollars. Both were bought by the same individual who purchased the first lot. He appeared to be a young farmer, and I was assured that such was his occupation. I rejoiced at least to think that these unfortunate beings had not fallen into the hands of a regular slave-trader. True enough, his looks denoted the delight he felt at having made an advantageous bargain; but he treated his acquired property with mildness, and never addressed the slaves in a harsh and humiliating tone.

GEORGIAN ERA.*

Burns.

Mr. Lockhart, in his life of Burns, gives several instances, which show that "he shrunk with horror and loathing from all sense of pecuniary obligation, no matter to whom." In answer to a letter from Mr. Thomson, inclosing him 5*l.* for some of his songs, he says, "I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but, as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear, by that honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's integrity—on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you."—The following anecdote is told of him in his character of exciseman, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, who saw him at Thornhill Fair. "An information," he says, "had been lodged against a poor widow woman, of the name of Kate Wilson, who had ventured to serve a few of her old country friends with a draught of unlicensed ale, and a lacing of whisky, on this village jubilee. I saw him enter her door, and anticipated nothing short of an immediate seizure of a certain grey beard and barrel, which, to my personal knowledge, contained the contraband commodities our bard was in quest of. A nod, accompanied by a significant movement of the forefinger, brought Kate to the doorway or trance, and I was near enough to hear the following words distinctly uttered:

—"Kate, are ye mad? D'ye no ken that the supervisor and me will be in upon ye in the course of forty minutes? Guid-b'ye to ye at present." Burns was in the street, and in the midst of the crowd in an instant; and I had reason to know that his friendly hint was not neglected. It saved a poor widow woman from a fine of several pounds."—Though totally free from presumption, in the presence of the superior circles of society to which he was admitted, he did not hesitate to express his opinions strongly and boldly. A certain well-known provincial bore, as Mr. Lockhart describes him, having left a tavern-party, of which Burns was one, he, the bard, immediately demanded a bumper, and addressing himself to the chair, said, "I give you the health, gentlemen all, of the waiter that called my Lord ——— out of the room."

Smollett.

In person, Smollett was stout and well-proportioned, and had an engaging countenance; his manner was reserved, and had an air of dignity about it, that seemed to indicate he was not unconscious of his own powers. His disposition was generous and humane; though free from vanity, he had a considerable share of pride and sensibility; and his passions, easily moved, were too impetuous when roused. "He was," says Dr. Moore, "of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition; equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him." He is said to have drawn his own character, and described his manner of living, in the *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, where young Melford, introduced to Dick Ivy, is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea. In this sketch he describes himself as "one of the few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence," and adds, "S—— is not without weakness and caprice; yet he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing, cruel, or implacable in his disposition." He died so poor, that the tragedy of *Venice Preserved* was performed for the benefit of his widow, some time after his death, with a prologue, written by Houston Nicholson, Esq., in which the various works of Smollett are enumerated.

The following characteristic and affecting anecdote is told by Dr. Moore, of Smollett, on his going to Scotland to visit his mother, as a stranger, after a long separation from her:—With the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, on his arrival, he was introduced to his mother as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed

* Continued from page 182.

character, he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while the old lady's eyes were rivetted with a kind of wild and eager stare on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: she immediately sprang from her chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!" She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere look, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; "but your old roguish smile," added she, "betrayed you at once."

The Gatherer.

Francis, Dictator of Paraguay, while under the influence of his hypochondriacal affection, being offended at the intrusion of a poor woman, he gave the following order to the sentinel placed in front of his gate:—"If any passenger should dare to *fix his eyes* upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, *this is for a second shot*—(handing him another musket loaded with ball)—and if you miss again—I shall take care not to miss you." The order being quickly made known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace, or if any person was obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. A fortnight had passed without any accident, when an Indian of the tribe of Payagua, who knew nothing of the order, stopped to look at the Government-house; the sentinel discharged his carbine, but missed him, probably intentionally: the report of fire-arms brought out the Dictator, and when the cause was made known to him, he revoked the order, averring that he did not recollect ever having given it.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Musical Snuff-box.—I received a summons from the Sheikh of Bornou, (says Major Denham,) to whom a report had been made of a musical snuff-box of mine, which played or stopped merely by my holding up my finger. The messenger declared he was dying to see it, and I must make haste. The wild exclamations of wonder, and screams of pleasure that this piece of mechanism drew from the generality of my visitors were curiously contrasted in the person of the intelligent Sheikh. He was, at first, greatly astonished, and asked several questions, exclaiming, "Agieb! agieb!"—(Wonderful! wonderful!) But the sweetness of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches* which it played, at last overcame every other feeling; he covered his face with his hands and listened in silence.

G. C.

One of the largest diamonds in the world is the "Koh-i-noor," or mountain of light,

which Runjeet Sing has extorted from the ex-king of Cabul. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this gem: it is of the finest water, and about half the size of an egg. Its weight amounts to three and a-half rupees, and it is said to be worth three and a-half millions of money. It is set in an armlet, with a diamond on each side about the size of a sparrow's egg. Runjeet has also a large ruby, weighing fourteen rupees, with the names of several kings engraven on it, and among them Aurengzebe and Ahmed Shah. Runjeet has likewise a topaz as large as half a billiard ball, for which he gave 20,000 rupees.

In some parts of Bokhara, the people shoe their horses with the antlers of the mountain deer. They form the horn into a suitable shape, and fix it on the hoof with horn pins, never renewing it till fairly worn out.

Mid-Lent, or Mothering Sunday.—On this day, at Seville, there is an usage evidently the remains of an old custom. Children of all ranks, poor and gentle, appear in the streets fantastically dressed, somewhat like English chimney-sweepers on May Day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the crusade bulls of the preceding year. During the whole day they make an incessant din with drums and rattles, and cry "saw down the old woman." At midnight, parties of the commonalty parade the streets, knock at every door, repeat the same cries, and conclude by sawing in two the figure of an old woman representing Lent. This diversion is emblematical of Mid-Lent.

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